

WHAT THE EDITOR SAYS

Public Ledger

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IN BOO SHINO VICES.

A Word to Republicans.

The hope of the party lies in the expansion of a national Republican press. The Republican who reads or otherwise helps to support a Democratic paper to the exclusion of one of his own party newspapers is untrue to the Republican cause.

Continuously subscribed to by the National Republican League.

J. S. CLARKSON, President.

A. S. HUMPHREY, Secretary.

It is now nine weeks to the Presidential election. About half of the campaign is over, and the results thus far have greatly increased the reasonable ground for expecting a Republican victory.

The situation. The New York Tribune, an experienced observer, publishes his belief that the events of the last week have increased Republican confidence by 10 per cent, and while it is not more confidence that is chiefly needed, it is equally true that these events have increased at least as much the real strength of the Republican position.

Democracy is getting to be like the milk sickness. There is not enough of it here to satisfy Mr. CLEVELAND or his friends, but their spirits are buoyed up with elaborate accounts about the prevalence of the disease in far-off states. This has gone so far that the raising of a special fund for use by the rainbow chasers of the Northwest has become the most prominent feature of the Democratic exertions. The anxious tone of appeals made to the growing assurance given that Democratic money can be employed at the West with far greater chance of success than in New York, would leave one to suppose that the Democrats had about made up their minds to not waste efforts on this side at all. Republicans naturally suspect a trick, and are watching more closely and working harder because of this apparent abandonment of New York by Democrats. But the explosion of bitterness between Democratic factions here during the last week has given some support to the idea that it may be easier for Mr. CLEVELAND's friends to overcome Republican majorities at the West than to overcome HILL Democrats in New York.

Facts go to the mark like rifle bullets in a campaign such as this, and the deadly volleys fired from the Labor Bureau and the Banking Department at Albany during the last week put Democratic on the defensive all over the country as well as here. They do not help their case at all by asserting that the official reports are given only because HILL and his friends are ready to stand out in bold relief, as our memory reverts to the days when we were young, and the young motherly cure her of croup, and in turn ministers it to her own offspring and always with the best results. For sale by Power & Reynolds.

BERKMAN, the murderous anarchist, who thought he could find the cause of the Homestead strikers by firing a lot of cold lead into the body of Manager Frick, has been duly indicted by the Grand Jury. There is a strong probability that Berkman will be permitted to retire for a long time to a state institution where he can work out the problem of anarchy uninterrupted by visitors and free from the demoralizing influence of society frivolity.

Contrasting with Democratic trangles

BERLIN'S TYPICAL STREET.

What It Reveals of the Activities of the Great City.

The Linden chronicles in stone the history of Prussian kings and the Prussian people; it also epitomizes in a peculiar way the daily activities of Berlin, says a writer in Scribner. It is significant that the beautiful broad street, so particularly adapted for saunterers, should on week days have scarcely any life until the early hours of the afternoon. Berlin is then dead at work. We have in Berlin no counterpart of the boulevardier of Paris. Those fashionable loungers—who hold serious converse with their valets as to which shade of attire will appear to greater advantage in that day's sunlight; who grow absorbed in the selection of a proper cravat, when they have brushed their teeth and trimmed their nails in the morning, have about finished their day's work; who earn not a penny and spend a great deal—those worthy, amiable eccentrics, who give such a pleasant variety to the appearance of a street, are not found here at all.

During business hours you will see in Unter den Linden really nobody except provincial governors and—of the other population—representatives of the wealthy class only, particularly ladies who are shopping in the most expensive of the middle ground. These ladies made there will be maids and nannies with children playing around them, and upon the benches, beside old pensioned officials the more doubtful figures of clerks out of work and pleasure seekers.

But all these come very far short of giving life to the wide, fine street, and would in no way justify the excessive strength of the armed force whose duty it is to maintain order and to facilitate the movement of traffic. For one sees, every ten paces, the dark blue uniform of a policeman, and in the middle of the crossings, along their horse-drawn, by as bronze statues, the mounted police, the pride of the department. Really these figures present a striking appearance. These excellent men are strong, sure-footed and swift, and they are all picked men, grating in fact, most of them with long, waning, fall boards.

A HEROIC FIREMAN.

He Rescued Four Lives at a Single Fire.

A hero in humble life was recognized in New York lately by the gift of a gold medal. He richly deserved it, a fact which appears in the record of his deeds, published in the Christian at Work.

A sergeant of fire patrol in this city, John R. Decker, was present at a fire in the Hotel Royal a month ago. At a window in one of the upper stories was gathered a group with anxious faces—father, mother and child, waiting, perhaps, to die together.

At the next window, in an adjoining building appeared a sergeant of our patrol. The distance was too great to reach. Without hesitation he threw himself down, resting one arm upon the sill and entangling his leg around a telephone, fortunately convenient, by his ear, with his other arm, by one, he conducted this group of three over his prostrate body, as a bridge, to a window of safety.

His work was not yet done. Ascending the roof he discovered a man standing up on the sill of a window in another portion of the house, doubting whether to meet death by jumping or wait to be overtaken by the fire.

Shouting to him to wait and he would save him, Mr. Vaughan rushed to the street, and calling upon his comrades to follow, ascended to the roof of another adjoining building. Throwing his coil, his coat, his companions holding him by his legs he threw himself head downward over the cornice, and with their assistance, raised this one of over two hundred pounds in weight to the roof. The rescue was completed; these lives were saved.

Mr. Vaughan was presented with a gold medal commemorating his heroism. And he richly deserved it. He was a true hero, and none the less so that he performed his deeds in the line of his duty.

ASTRIDE A CROCODILE.

The Way an African Captured a Huge Reptile.

A cayman from a neighboring lagoon had occasionally poached among our ducks, says the engineer of an estate in India, as reported in "Tales of Travel," and we were last week on the look-out for him. One morning we discovered him lounging in one of the ponds after a night's plunder. I ran for my gun and fired at him. The shot merely stirred the old rogue up; he thrashed about the water for a minute and then left the pond and started for the moor.

I tried to get him at his head, but was unable to do so. At this moment David, an African valetman, came up, and before I realized his purpose, he had thrown himself astride the crocodile, grabbed his fore-paws and held them doubled up across the creature's back. The beast was immediately thrown upon his snout, and though able to use his hind feet freely and slap his tail about, he could not budge half a yard; his power being altogether spent in a fruitless endeavor to grab himself onward. He was obliged to move in a circle, and of course was confined pretty nearly to one spot.

The African kept his seat. He received some hard jerks, but as his seat was across the reptile's shoulders, he was well out of danger from jaws and tail so long as he held on. "Shoot 'im! Me gun 'im!" the fellow called to me. I reloaded my gun, and getting good aim at the crocodile's head, soon put an end to the monster. The old fellow measured fifteen feet.

Leaf Sugar in Morocco.

An important article of trade in Morocco is leaf sugar, which is in general demand for presents. Every person approaching a superior who favors or good will it is desired to prostrate to bound to bring a gift. He cannot afford to be unhandy and the form that is most commonly taken by the giver is leaf sugar.

GALAPAGOS TORTOISES.

A Race of Turtles That Is Nearly Extinct.

Owing to Their Excellence as an Article of Food They Have Been Nearly Extinct.

The Galapagos tortoises are the only survivors of an ancient race of huge turtles which lived so long ago as the early part of the tertiary epoch. Specimens weighing from six hundred to seven hundred pounds have been captured, and there is authentic record of one individual taken which tipped the scales at eight hundred and seventy pounds. However, nearly all of the very big ones have been caught and devoured, and it will not be long before the race is exterminated—literally "waten off the face of the earth by gluttonous men." It is reckoned that ten millions of these turtles have been taken from the islands since their discovery.

No provisions for ships were ever found equal to these tortoises, which will remain in good condition for a year without food or water. A supply of the latter is carried by the animal in a bag, which contains as much as two gallons sometimes. These are very valuable, and when kept on deck can be taught to confine themselves to any space around the ship, and even to be whipped when gently with a rope if even when they get out of it. The meat is said to be finer than that of a green turtle. Decker, the explorer who visited the islands in 1824, wrote that the flesh resembled a pallet's flavor. "The oil," he says, "was kept in jars and used to make butter and to facilitate the flingings." Rogers in 1874 wrote: "The eggs of a turtle are as big as those of a goose, white, hard shells and exactly like those of a goose, except that the back of one of the creatures, which weighed seven hundred pounds, and it carried some with ease." In 1793 Colnet reported that the eggs of the tortoises "were thrown up in circular form, never containing more than three eggs, which are heated by the sun, a hole being so contrived as to admit rays through its daily course." This last remarkable statement would seem to indicate that these chelonians were somewhat familiar with astronomy.

The tortoises are vegetable feeders, according to the Boston Transcript, browsing on succulent plants and trees. It is said that they are entirely deaf, so that even the report of a gun does not startle or alarm them. At intervals they make pilgrimages to the hills, where water is to be found, traveling by night only. Thus, in the course of centuries, they have worn regular roads from the shore up the mountain, and by following which the Spaniards first discovered the watering places. They have very long and snake-like necks and heads, and their feet surprisingly resemble those of an elephant. Their clumsy method of locomotion also suggests a likeness to the great pachyderm. Undoubtedly they live to a very great age, and their aspect is most venerable.

ATHLETIC GIRLS.

Pretty Scenes in a Boston School of Physical Education.

Anyone who thinks that physical development and training are likely to make girls "masculine" will do well to visit a school of physical education at a time when the young ladies are at their work, says the Boston Transcript. The listener saw some hundred of them the other day (there seemed as many as a hundred, though he did not count them), and he perceived nothing masculine about them except their instructor, who was a man, and one student, who was a man, too. In the gallery there were two young gentlemen as spectators; and when, during a recess, the girl students were amusing themselves in all sorts of games, and making calls upon one another, running laughingly hand in hand as they did so, one of these young men remarked: "Not much like boys, eh?" and the other said: "Not much! And yet some of these exercises were no work of the strength and suppleness of a man. One thing that particularly pleased the listener was the class running. The girls ran several times around the hall, like Diana's huntresses, gracefully and beautifully. One might have supposed the skirts, stays and garters of indoor sports had put an end forever to the ability of women to run swiftly and gracefully, but it is apparent that this art, as well as many other beautiful athletic things, was only dormant. A little following of nature brings it all back. There are many movements in the Swedish system of physical training which are not beautiful in themselves, but it is explained that they are merely means to an end, and are practiced for the sake of the reactions they produce upon the system.

Indian Basket Makers.

A newspaper letter from Pasadena, Cal., thus describes the baskets so lately made by the southwestern Indians: "I visited a lady recently who has a most interesting and valuable collection of these baskets and other curiosities of Indian art. She has put an end forever to the ability of women to run swiftly and gracefully, but it is apparent that this art, as well as many other beautiful athletic things, was only dormant. A little following of nature brings it all back. There are many movements in the Swedish system of physical training which are not beautiful in themselves, but it is explained that they are merely means to an end, and are practiced for the sake of the reactions they produce upon the system.

Presidential Campaign of 1892!

GRAND INDUCEMENTS TO READERS OF

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